

What God Wants, Part III

Roger Waters

Don't be afraid, it's only business
The alien prophet sighed
The vulture and the magpie took
The cash box from its hook
The monkey in the corner
Wrote the figures in his book
Crazed the checkout lady's fingers
Flash across the till
And the captain posts the menu of the day
And in banks across the world
Christians, Moslems, Hindus, Jews
And every other race, creed, colour, tint or hue
Get down on their knees and pray
The raccoon and the groundhog neatly
Make up bags of change
But the monkey in the corner
Well he's slowly drifting out of range

Christ, it's freezing inside
The veteran cries
The hyenas break cover
And stream through the meadow
And the vet rolls in
To his bottle of gin
So he picks up a stone
That looks like a bone
And the bullets fly
And the rivers run dry
And the fat girls sigh
And the network anchor persons lie
And the soldier's alone
In the video zone
But the monkey's not watching
He's slipped out to the kitchen
To pile the dishes
And answer the phone